

COUNTY NEWS

PLEASANT HILL

Mr. S. P. Adams spent Wednesday in Lancaster.

Mr. R. F. Marshall of Kershaw was up this week to see his father Mr. W. A. Marshall.

Miss Marguerite Gooch assistant teacher here took in "The Birth of a Nation" at Charlotte last week.

Mr. Lewis Cole spent Thursday in Lancaster.

Mrs. A. J. Cauthen and Mrs. Melvin Cauthen went to Kershaw Wednesday to visit their sister Mrs. Will Williams.

Messrs. A. B. Blackmon and sons Pierce and Irwin, J. S. Marshall and Melvin Cauthen went to Charlotte last Friday to see "The Birth of a Nation".

Miss Alma Vanlandingham, principal of the school here spent Tuesday night in Heath Springs, with her mother.

Mr. John Magill visited Stoneboro Monday.

Miss Bessie Cauthen spent Thursday in Lancaster.

Mrs. E. B. Johnson has gone to Great Falls to visit Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson.

Miss Martha Creighton, home demonstration agent, visited the pleasant Hill school Thursday.

Mrs. Alma Crenshaw, of Heath Springs, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Beckham, Sr., this week.

Mr. C. S. Robertson and Mr. A. J. Cauthen attended court last week, as jurors.

Mrs. S. P. Adams spent Thursday with Mrs. S. Beckham, Jr.

NOTES FROM THE MILL VILLAGE

Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Adams of Kershaw are visiting friends and relatives here this week.

Mrs. Earl Sherbert of Richmond Va. is visiting her father Mr. Robert Ghent.

Mr. Frank and Reck Ghent have been visiting their father, Mr. Robert Ghent.

Mr. Ed Reese and family of this place have moved to Rock Hill.

Mr. Brown and daughter have moved to the Oregon Mill at Rock Hill.

Mr. Russian and Mr. Tom Horn have moved with their families to Camden.

Mrs. Mary Gilmore has been very sick for the past two days.

Miss Kate Glent daughter of Mr. Robert Ghent is still very ill.

The little children of Mrs. Dessie Cauthen and Mrs. Cora Robinson are very sick with whooping cough.

Mrs. Rance Carnes is still very sick.

The little baby of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Singlare who has been very sick is improving rapidly.

Mrs. P. S. Snipes who was very sick last week is some better now.

Master Ira Adams was very sick last week with grip.

ELGIN.

Plowing is the order of the day with the farmers.

Preparation for Field Day is the order of the day with school teachers.

Several contestants will go from the school at Elgin, which has been very successfully presided over by Miss Corinne Jones, of Lancaster, and Miss Estelle Bailey, of Elgin.

The Methodists of this community will re-organize their Sunday-school next Sunday.

We are glad to note the fact that Mr. Joe Hagins is able to be out after a severe attack of grip.

Miss Grace Hammond, of Stoneboro, is visiting Miss Evie Johnson.

Master Charlie Marshall spent last Saturday night and Sunday with C. P. Caskey's boys.

W. J. Long, who has been since September last, employed in the time-keeper's office at the cotton mills, is at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. C. P. Caskey, with a severe attack of cold, bordering on grip.

Small grain is looking fairly well. There is a considerable falling off in the use of commercial fertilizers in this community.

Consider the Danger.

Continuing the subject of the need of censorship of moving pictures, we note that Dr. George W. Quick, of the First Baptist church of Greenville, preached a special sermon on the subject last Sunday. You parents who allow your children to receive all sorts of impressions about life from the most impressionable of all sources, pictures, should take some notice of the danger. Remember, moving pictures are great educators. They can be used to do great good. But in the desire to produce "thrillers" and sensational films some of the products are not just what small children should see.—Greenwood Index.

HARD TO ESTIMATE CROWD

Few Civilians Are Able to Give Numbers of a Gathering—Army Officers Tell Secret.

It is remarkable how the average civilian overestimates the number of persons in a big procession. Take, for example, the recent demonstration in London. It was said that there were 15,000 men in line and some enthusiasts put it even at 20,000. But it is easy to estimate such numbers approximately, says London Tit-Bits. Here is the rule as laid down in the "Field Service Regulations" of the United States army:

"The strength of a body of troops may be estimated from the length of time it takes to pass a given point. Assuming that infantry in column of fours occupies half a yard per man, cavalry one yard per trooper and artillery in single column per gun or caisson, a given point would be passed in one minute by about 175 infantry, 110 cavalry at a walk, 200 cavalry at a trot and five guns or caissons."

Allowing for spacing between companies, battalions and regiments, all of which is according to mathematical rule, it takes a regiment of 1,000 men divided into battalions just ten minutes to pass, or at the rate of 6,000 an hour. And this supposes no breaks in the line.

PROLONG LIFE OF FLOWERS

French Florists Are Particularly Clever in Their Methods of Preservation of Freshness.

The instruments used by the French florists to prolong the life of cut flowers and remove imperfections are as numerous and delicate as those on a well-equipped dressing-table. They include scissors of all sizes and shapes, small cutting pliers and pinners of many kinds, brushes, atomizers, sprays and bottles containing various gums. A withered leaf or even one poorly developed ruins the appearance of a rosebud, consequently the one is cut off, and the other, if possible, is reshaped. The buds are also pierced as near the base of the flower as possible, with minute wires which keep the leaves in place. An instrument very similar to a curling iron is used to dress a faulty leaf.

One of the means employed to prolong the life of the flower is to remove the anthers, so as to prevent the spreading of the pollen, for, if fertilization is allowed to take place, the flower has fulfilled its mission and soon fades. In flowers of the lily order the anthers are removed for still another reason. They develop such an abundance of yellow pollen that it falls and taints the leaves, thus marring the spotless white beauty of the flower. The stems of flowers that begin to hang their heads are placed in very hot water for about five minutes, and then are placed in a dark and cool place for about an hour.

Where Her Thoughts Were.

Upon the attainment of my seventy-second birthday one of my daughters gave me a complimentary dinner in the evening at her residence, inviting all the members of our family. Her two bright children were allowed to "sit up" in honor of the occasion.

The children, evidently coached by their parents, met me on my arrival, the little boy saying gleefully, "Many happy returns of the day, grandpa."

The little girl, with a backward glance toward their pretty table, her big blue eyes dancing in happy anticipation of the coming feast, said: "I think we should say many happy returns of the night, grandpa."—Exchange.

Compulsory.

A certain amateur aviator talked recently about a flying trip with a professional, when he fell 1,200 feet into the water without knowing it.

"I wasn't frightened," he said with a smile. "I thought that our swift descent was a piece of fancy flying. I am, in fact, as ignorant of aviation as the little boy was ignorant of history."

"Describe the Order of the Bath," his teacher asked this little boy.

"It's very ancient," he answered. "It goes back to the time when they didn't take no baths except by order."

That Secret.

Katherine and Margaret found themselves seated next each other at a dinner party and immediately became confidential.

"Molly told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her," whispered Margaret.

"Oh, isn't she a mean thing?" gasped Katherine. "Why, I told her not to tell you!"

"Well," returned Margaret, "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."

Black Cats Own Island.

"The Island of Black Cats" is a name applied to Chatham island in the Pacific ocean, about 730 miles west of the coast of Ecuador. It is overrun with black cats; indeed, cats of no other color are seen there. These animals live in the crevices of the lava foundation near the coast and subsist by catching fish and crabs.

Has Been Prescribed by Well Known Physician for Many Years.

The infirmities of age are especially manifest in a tendency to constipation, and call for treatment that will afford relief in an easy, natural manner. The rapid action of cathartic remedies and purgatives that shock the system should be avoided, more especially as the relief they offer is only temporary and is usually more than offset by disturbance to the vital organs caused by their violent action.

Nearly thirty years ago Dr. W. B. Caldwell, Monticello, Ill., prescribed a compound of simple laxative herbs that has since become the standard household remedy in thousands of homes. It acts easily and gently, yet with positive effect, without griping or other pain or discomfort. Mrs. Rachel Allen, Galesburg, Kans., is seventy-one years old, and after using a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, wrote that it had done her a world of good and that she intends to keep it in the house always.

Druggists sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for fifty cents a bottle. It is a splendid remedy and should be in every home. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 454 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

SELL YOUR HAMMER AND BUY A HORN.

Yes, sell your hammer and sell it cheap.

If the thing don't sell, then bury it deep.

For though living's high and times are tough,

The market has more than hammers enough.

Get a big horn and key it in G. Then blow, "All's right," with a yes-sir-ee.

If the clouds hang low give a vigorous toot.

When the game goes slow is the time to "root."

Should a grouch come along with a song forlorn,

Just draw him out with your jubilant horn.

That's the way to be happy in this old world.

No battle is won round a flag that is furled.

—Alexander Blackburn.

A BREATH OF SPRING.

A crooning bird upon a bush Above a violet bed,

A line of trees that stretch their boughs Across the morning red.

Now when I hear that little flute My listening heart is stirred,

By thought of One who loves and guards—

Each mating little bird.

And in the violets' fragrant bed There dwells the breath of spring.

That to the peaceful, sleep-bound earth New hope and life shall bring.

And when I see the morning red Faith shows me, clear and bright,

The dawn of an eternal spring Upon the fields of light.

—Exchange.

A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

One of Interest to Our Readers.

Good news bears repeating, and when it is confirmed after a long lapse of time, even if we hesitate to believe it at first hearing, we feel secure in accepting its truth now. The following experience of a Lancaster man is confirmed after six years.

A. W. Chance, merchant, Main St., Lancaster, says: "I have been using Doan's Kidney Pills for years, getting them at the Standard Drug Co., and they have always strengthened my kidneys. I am satisfied that they are a good kidney medicine. I have felt much better since using them." (Statement given February 6th, 1908.)

OVER SIX YEARS LATER, Mr. Chance said: "I think as well of Doan's Kidney Pills now as when I first recommended them."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Chance had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Bullet Wounds in Stomach.

In some experiments with bullet wounds it was determined that when a hollow organ, such as the stomach, is perforated by a bullet it sustains more damage if it contains fluid than if empty. The author fired a 9.303 bullet at a sheep's stomach, in the one case when it was full of water, and in the other case when it was empty, with following results: The aperture in each wall of the empty organ was 0.2 inches; the aperture in the first wall of the full stomach was also 0.2 inches, but that in the second wall was 0.7 inches. From this it follows that a man hit after a full meal would have less chance of recovery than had this occurred when the organ was empty. Bullet wounds of the lung, provided no large vessels are touched, are seldom fatal in man or beast.

HAS KEEN EYE FOR BUSINESS

One English Volunteer Policeman Who Probably Will Not Lose Much By the War.

The foibles of his ally John Bull are even now not quite invisible to the Frenchman. And the following story of a special constable, or volunteer policeman, in London, is related not without malice by a Paris paper. Just after the last Zeppelin raid, when the orders against showing lights were very strict, this special was on duty in one of the suburbs. Every time he saw a house that was letting its lights shine too freely out of its windows he knocked at the front door and called the attention of the householder to the rules in such cases made and provided and to the danger. And, as in becoming a special constable he had not ceased to be a man of business, he not only called attention to the badly shaded light, but suggested a contrivance for subduing the illumination. This contrivance, he said, he had tried in his own house with the most satisfactory effect. All with the most disinterested air imaginable.

His next step was to draw from his overcoat pocket a sample of the contrivance itself, with the remark that he had just happened to be carrying it home to a particular friend who had asked him to procure it. The result was that at the end of his tour of duty he had written down in a little note book a couple of hundred orders for the wonderful shade, which meant that he was able to collect in commissions, at the rate of a shilling a shade, a matter of £5, or £25, or, to put it magnificently in French coinage, 125 francs.

Story of Telepathic Thought Transference in Which British Soldier Is Chief Actor.

In the Evening News, London, appears the following account of a telepathic vision of a soldier at Kensal Rise furnished to the paper by Leonard Williams, who received the story at first hand:

A curious story of telepathic thought transference accompanied by a ghostly vision is reported on good authority from Kensal Rise. Two or three evenings ago a woman who lives in that neighborhood heard a loud knocking at her front door. She opened it, but nobody was seen.

On returning to the sitting room, however, she noticed a dim figure in khaki standing at the farther end. After some seconds this figure melted away. The woman told her husband, and the next evening they received a visit from an old friend, a soldier just back from the front, to whom she related the incident. He asked at what time it happened. She told him at half-past seven exactly.

"That's very strange," the soldier remarked. "For yesterday while I was crossing from France I looked at my watch, and finding the time to be half-past seven I said to myself, 'I wonder what Mr. and Mrs. — will say when I drop them a call this time tomorrow evening?'"

Long-Distance Oratory.

A dinner was given by a certain Cleveland business organization a few nights ago, according to the Plain Dealer of that city. The toast list included the names of several eminent people, and the attendance was very large.

The first speaker introduced by the toastmaster was one of the long-winded variety. Twenty minutes is the right length for an after-dinner speech, if it is very interesting or very witty. But at the end of forty-five minutes this speaker was still going strong, and he was beginning to try to prove something by columns of statistics.

The second speaker got his heartiest applause at the end of one minute. He said:

"I shall not detain you long. In listening to the remarks of the last speaker—I beg his pardon for not remembering his name; it was given us by the toastmaster, but that was so long ago that I have forgotten it."

That's as far as he got.

Dog Has Silk-Lined Coffin.

Don, a beautiful collie dog belonging to Miss Ellen F. Mason, is dead, according to a dispatch from Newport, R. I. He was run over by an electric car, and many residents in the villa colony will mourn his loss. His chief pleasure was to play in the pretty fountain in the grounds of his mistress' estate in Rhode Island avenue always begging to have the water turned on for his frolics.

His grave is beneath an evergreen near the fountain. He had a silk-lined coffin, and a suitable slab is being made which will be simply marked "Don."

Don II has now appeared on the scene. He is a very young Scotch collie.

Among other graves of dogs marked with slabs at Newport are those on the estates of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. George B. De Forest and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll.

When Woman Is a Bore.

A woman without a laugh in her... is the greatest bore in existence.—Thackeray.

Cure for Leaky Pens.

Empty the fountain pen, thoroughly clean it, fill with ink and apply some soap to the threads of the screw.

OUR DIFFERENT LINES

THE BEST GROCERIES THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

Shingles, Lime, Cement, Ceiling, Flooring, Weatherboarding, Coal, Wood, and Brick.

DELIVERED PROMPTLY.

Edwards & Horton

POINTS OF MERIT

These have brought the UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

To its present leading position.

Award Grand Prize, Highest Honor Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Holder International Speed and Accuracy Typewriter Trophy for Ten Years.

Elliott-Cresson Medal for Mechanical Supremacy.

Endorsed by World's Champions and all Great Typists.

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"



The Supremacy of Peruna as a Household Remedy 44 Years of Leadership

Returned to His Work.

Mr. Julien Gondeau, Erwinville, La., suffered with catarrh of the stomach. He did not know what his trouble was. He was unable to work. Could hardly eat anything. After taking Peruna a short time he is now in perfect health. He says: "I am now doing all my work. I am confident that any one suffering as I was could be cured by Peruna."

Every Change of Weather.

Mr. E. Arnold, Westbury, R. I., contracted a severe cold. The cold settled in his side and produced a condition that was thought to be pleurisy. Every change of weather would bring a return of his trouble. After taking Peruna all his ailments have vanished.

Pain in the Stomach.

Mr. Henry Knoch, Box 520, No. 1118 S. Vista Ave., Janesville, Wis., writes: "I wrote you about four weeks ago that I had a pain in my stomach. I followed your advice, and used three bottles of your Peruna, and I am all right now. I am very thankful for your advice and your medicine."

A Housewife Restored.

Mrs. E. Riker, 523 Grant Ave., East Cedar Falls, Iowa, was once a chronic invalid. Four different doctors had been consulted without avail. She had taken five different medicines that had been recommended, without improvement. Peruna was tried and the good result was prompt and lasting.

Once a Chronic Invalid.

Mrs. Samuel Bath, 535 Union Ave., Lebanon, Pa., is able to say positively that she has been cured by Peruna. She can scarcely find words to express her gratitude for her recovery. For many years she had been a semi-invalid from chronic catarrh.

Expresses Her Gratitude.

Three substantial men, heads of families, made efficient once more by Peruna. Three housewives restored to their families. These are only samples of what Peruna is doing every day, everywhere. Surely, this is a splendid work. Anything that conserves family life and makes the home more desirable and comfortable, nourishes the heart root of civilization. Peruna is a great civilizer.

Some years ago there was seen in a silver mine of Laurium a curious instance of the resuscitating power of light after many years. The silver mines of Laurium were abandoned, more than 2,000 years ago as unworkable, and were filled for the most part with the slag from the workings of the miners.

It was discovered, however, that this slag contained plenty of silver, which could easily be rendered available by up-to-date appliances. Accordingly it was removed to the furnace, and, when next the mine was visited, a wonderful transformation was found to have taken place. Instead of a heap of rubbish, the mine had become a gorgeous flower garden. The entire space was covered with a brilliant show of poppies. This profuse vegetable life, it is asserted, belonged to the age in which the mines were worked. Twenty centuries old, therefore, were those poppy seeds; yet, when the removal of the slag allowed the light to fall upon them, they sprang into life and bloom under its influence.

What Stumped Him.

Many instances have been quoted of the ingenuity of the schoolboy and the college man in answering examination questions in foreign languages, but seldom has a hard-pressed undergraduate displayed the inventive genius shown by Henry W. Savage when his knowledge of French was put to the test in a Parisian cafe some years ago. According to George Ade, who was with him at the time, Savage prides himself on his French. He had just succeeded by dint of the most intense sort of concentration in ordering those copper-colored oysters known to the habitués of Paris as being among the oldest inhabitants. Then, flushed with victory, he rashly decided to follow up his success by ordering some horse-radish. The French word for "horse-radish" had completely escaped his memory. Nothing daunted, he became at once logical and ingenious. "Horse is cheval," said he to Ade, "and red is rouge all right, but I'm damned if I can remember the French word for 'fish.'"